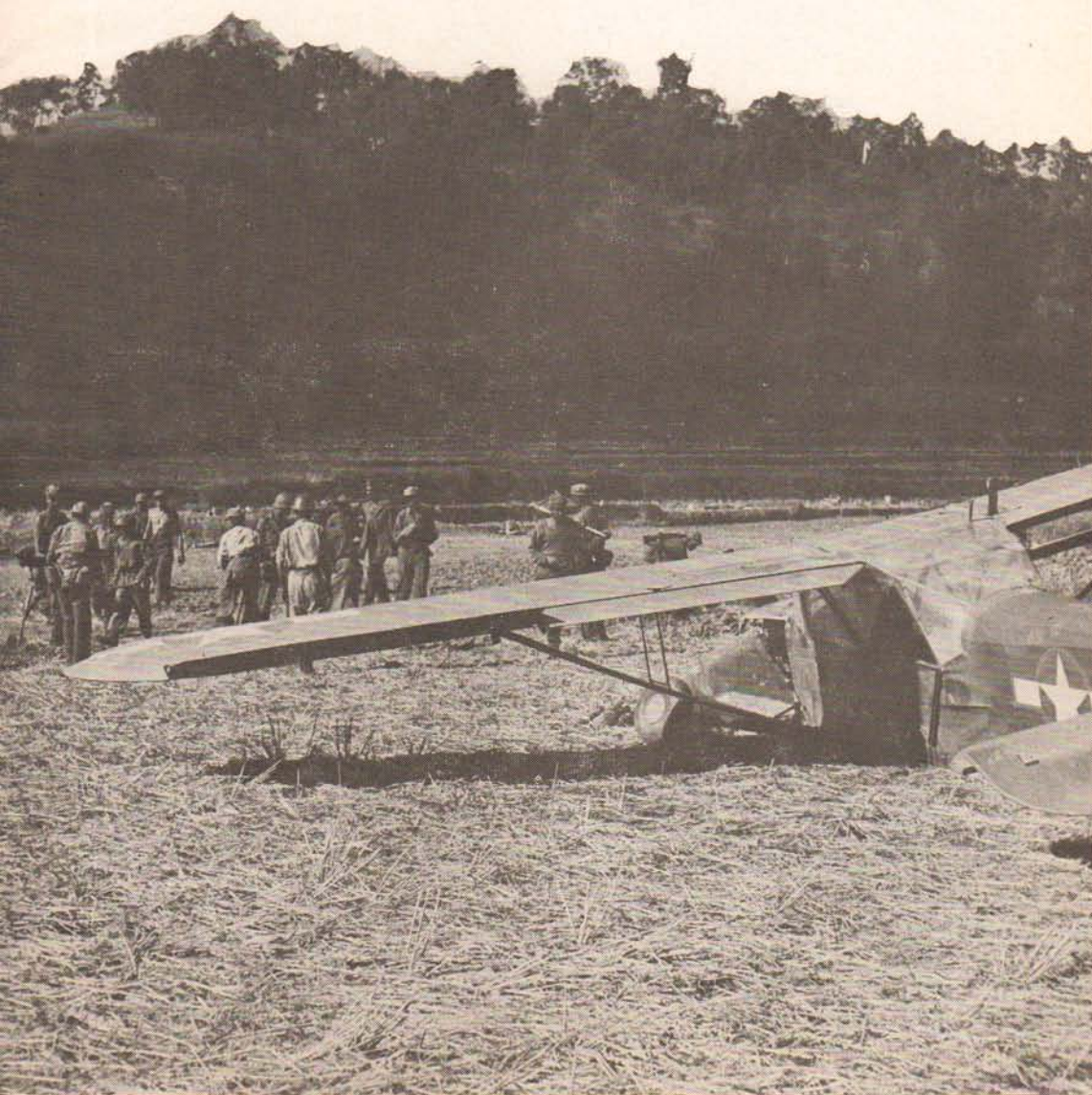




Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MAY
1962





"BRACELETS" worn by Chinese women and children near Ho Pung, Burma, reflect the presence of American units bivouacked in the area. U. S. Army Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● "Old China Hands" from WW2 have been watching with interest the so-called "progress" of Red China, wondering just how long it would last. Although the experts have held there wasn't a chance of a crack-up, some of us have expressed the opinion that it wouldn't last more than 25 years. Now there are indications the end may come sooner. U. S. News & World Report says the whole Communist operation there is "probably one of the most colossal failures in all human history;" reports that "a crack-up of Red China, long held by the West to be impossible, is beginning now to be regarded by Western authorities as something that could happen." There is deep unrest, hunger and suffering are widespread, "reforms" have broken down. It would appear things have been going from bad to worse. The blow-up that once was said to be impossible, is now considered highly probable.

● This month's cover shows Kachin workers repairing damaged parts of the liaison strip at the base of Loi Kang Hill in Burma for evacuation of wounded. Under supervision of Lt. Glenn L. Hiner of Loudonville, Ohio, workers were filling in shell holes from Jap 105 and 150 mm. guns constantly shelling the field from less than four miles south. U. S. Army Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg, taken Jan. 26, 1945.

● When you run across a CBler in daily life, jot down his name and address and send it to us. We'll be glad to tell him about Roundup. He'll appreciate your thoughtfulness, and so will we.



Will Attend Reunion

● Enjoy your magazine very much but can't say I read it the day it comes because I'm on the road a lot of the time. Will be at the reunion in Buffalo this year, my first.

C. W. SCHRICKER,
Rochester, N. Y.

John L. Beasley

● Two or three months ago I wrote to someone connected with your organization informing them of the death of my husband, John L. Beasley of Mt. Sterling, Ill., and asking that a notice be put in the magazine, as he always got quite a number of Christmas cards from members of his old outfit. For your information, he was with the 721st Railway Operating Battalion, T & S Company. He passed away October 21, 1961, at Mt. Sterling, Ill., at the age of 60, and is buried at Sabula, Iowa.

MARJORIE R. BEASLEY,
Box 5,
Hanover, Ill.



COOLIES building an airfield in China. Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.

MAY, 1962



ALERTED C-46 line at Misamari Air Base, Assam, India.
Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.

Interesting Articles

● It's a great little magazine for all CBI veterans; very enjoyable and many interesting articles.

HENRY B. HOFFMAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

Over the Hump

● Have been stockpiling material for a book for the past few years and have finally gotten to the point where I can begin. If any of your readers have any non-classified statistics on all the stuff that went over the old Rockpile to China, personal and official anecdotes and stories, I'd love to have them and would give credit if and when the book is published. Would also like to hear from any of the old Jorhat boys.

CARROLL S. BECHTEL,
Crystal River Airport,
Crystal River, Fla.

Col. Warder Rannells

● Information has come to me of the death of Colonel Warder Rannells of Alexandria, Va. A native of Maplewood, Mo., he served in WW I with the 128th Field Artillery. In WW II he was with the Office of the Judge Advocate General and was sent to India aboard the Brazil; later to China, where he served with the 14th Air Force as Judge Advocate until 1945. He was employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission and retired in

1957. His wife Virginia survives, as well as a daughter Alice, a son Edward, and a brother. Services were at Fort Meyer Chapel, with burial in Arlington Cemetery. Our most sincere condolences are extended to those who survive.

HOWARD P. CLAGER,
Service Officer-CBIVA,
Dayton, Ohio

Commands Wing

● Col. William S. Harrell, a World War II combat fighter who served in CBI, has been named to command the 78th Fighter Wing at Hamilton Air Force Base in California, effective July 1. While in CBI, Colonel Harrell flew 158 combat missions and was credited with destroying two enemy aircraft.

BERT MARKNESS,
Oakland, Calif.

Seeks Information

● Wonder if any reader could give me some information about one of our officers, who was stationed at Barksdale Field, La., in November 1943 and was later promoted to major. He was Capt. John H. Rose. He was the best officer we had ever had, and when he left the base we gave him a gold pocket watch!

EDWIN L. BROOKS,
Chicago, Ill.



NATIVES from the Naga Hills pay a visit to Sookerting Air Base, Assam, India. Photo by Clayton Orsted.



OFFICERS' line mess at Misamari Air Base, Assam, India.
Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.

209th Engineers

● Am pleased to be back on mailing list of Roundup, and hope someday to read something on the 209th Engineer (Combat) Battalion, which I am proud to say was my outfit from its formation to its disbanding.

BOB STEFFEY,
Hannibal, Mo.

Search for Names

● Enjoy the magazine very much and I continually search for familiar names. In a recent issue there was a picture of the 888th Ordnance Co. mess hall at Shingbuiyang sent in by Adam Corbett. I was a member of the 888th when Adam joined the outfit in India. In the March issue there was a note from a John C. Taperek requesting some information on some former buddies. John was one of the original members of the 888th but transferred to another outfit when we were stationed at the Tea Garden in Ledo.

T. J. CUNNINGHAM,
Greenville, Pa.

Floyd Dryfka

● It is with sadness that I report the death of Floyd Dryfka, a member of the Milwaukee Basha. Floyd passed away Dec. 6, 1961, at

Veterans Hospital, Wood, Wis., where he had been a patient for most of the past year. He served his country in the European Theater with the 522nd Engineer Company and served in the CBI with the 124th Cavalry, which was part of the Mars Task Force. He is survived by his wife Marge, and two small children. His wife would be glad to hear from any of his buddies. Her address is 4575 North 66th St., Milwaukee 18, Wis.

SAMUEL L. MERANDA,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sailed on Brazil

● Will certainly treasure the March 1962 Ex-CBI Roundup . . . I too sailed on the USS Brazil and want to commend Billy Todd Lambert for that terrific writeup, "Aboard the USAT Brazil." I was one of the 95 Army nurses with the 159th Station Hospital aboard for the entire two month journey as Billy states. A Gold Star for Billy Lambert from me for her time and efforts in compiling material for so many of us to enjoy and relive. May God bless you for publishing the most wonderful magazine.

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,
Poland, Ohio

New Reader

● You can imagine my surprise when a friend of mine who is also an ex-CBI man walked into my gas station the other day and gave me four copies of Ex-CBI Roundup. I didn't even know such a magazine existed! After reading every word of all four copies, I couldn't wait to get my name on your subscription list. I was with the 706th AAA Abn. Glider outfit in Myitkyina, Burma, and would like to hear from any of the guys that were there with me.

CHARLES T. MILLIKEN,
Albion, N. Y.



NATIVE HOME near Sookerting Air Base, Assam, India.
Photo by Clayton Orsted.

Wingate's 'Broadway' Commandos

From the American Legion Magazine

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

All that long D-Day before H-hour at five p.m. the flaming sun of Assam beat upon us like the close-in scorch of firestorm. As we lay waiting in the jungle edge at Lalaghat, with the troop-carrying gliders under leafy cover behind us, the British captain kept talking about death. "If you talk about it, it won't happen." But for him, it did happen—before midnight struck that night.

Fourteen thousand men lay waiting to be transported, by air, deep into Japanese territory. Seven months of arduous preparation led up to that Sunday of March 4, 1944—months that went all the way back to the Quebec Conference when "Hap" Arnold offered Adm. Mountbatten this complex American air operation to transport Gen. Wingate's Long Range Penetration Group of British infantry behind the Japanese lines in Burma.

The Advance Force, 80 gliders full in double-tow, carrying Calvert's 77th Brigade, were to be lifted over 8,000-foot mountains and towed 170 miles deep into Burma to cut off by moonlight. When they were cut off, they were to glide down on three targets, all three of them natural jungle clearings only, deep in Jap territory and none of them, therefore, pre-prepared for the landings. The clearings were code-named "Broadway," "Piccadilly" and "Chowringhee."

Landing, the 77th Brigade was to fan out of the gliders on a 360° perimeter and hold from dawn to dusk March 5, while the Airborne Engineers (900th United States Army Field Unit) leveled a dirt airstrip for the power ships to land on the next night, carrying the rest of the force.

There were to be four "Point" gliders ahead of the advance force. I was allocated to Number Three Glider piloted by Col. John Alison—a fighter pilot—and Cochran's Second-in-Command—who had checked out on gliders solely for this operation. His co-pilot was Doc Tulloch, the flight surgeon—also freshly checked out. We had a platoon of Gurkhas under Lt. Wilson riding with us in Number Three. As the afternoon wore on toward five p.m., a gangling British lieutenant colonel strolled over with a Very pistol. "I'm in Number One Glider, Chaps," he said. "When it hits the ground, I'm to dust down the jungle on all sides with tommy-

gun fire. If I get no answering fire, I pop a green light up to tell you we're clear of ambush. But once we're that far, there'll be insufficient petrol to tow any of us back, so you'll have to go in anyway, ambush or not. Let's dispense with the extra weight then, shall we?" and with a pleasant smile he tossed the signal pistol one way and the shells another.

It was no grandstand play—it was a logical result of our briefing—as cold a set of conditions as have ever been laid down for special task force troops. Phil Cochran had closed that briefing with "Tonight you're going to find out you've got souls. Nothing you have ever done or anything you were ever going to do counts now. Only the next few hours."

Consider the meat of the briefing. Half-way to targets, the two ships could not bring us back for lack of gas. Once on the ground, short of the targets, the only way back was to walk and fight your way around five Jap divisions and cut through miles of mountainous jungle growth so thick in spots that planes crashing in at terminal velocity never penetrated to the ground. Breaking tow en route and gliding down, if you lived after impact, your only hope of survival lay in God and your own manhood. Arriving on target—and finding it ambushed—your only hope of survival lay in victory for which—MacArthur once pointed out—there is, in war, no substitute. For all of these possibilities we had been thoroughly indoctrinated, so that, as we lay there waiting, the whole thing would surge up inside like a dental appointment in childhood. If it ever came to a head and broke, it would spatter into the outer reaches of the soul and a man would run screaming.

Strictly speaking, all of Phil Cochran's American Air Force personnel were 1st Air Commandos—but it was the air crews who flew in that night who would have to abandon their gliders and fight on the ground as Commandos, so they had spent days retreading themselves as irregular infantry. Attached, I was the only actual Infantry officer present, and I came to the conclusion then that common horse sense is the basis of all tactics and personal armament. Those kids had the instinct to buddy up naturally in their self-imposed training—one to move out ahead, one to cover. From somewhere they had scrounged .30 cal. air-cooled Infantry machine guns. They scorned the tripods, but brazed on handmade A frames to hold the barrels four inches off the ground like BAR's. They

went very light on the heavy, short range tommygun, but substituted the .30 cal. air-cooled machinegun again with a shoulder firing sling made from a knotted-on ammo belt. They went heavy on ammo. They carried their .45's in shoulder and chest holsters, but more for a status symbol than a weapon, because the murderous assorted knives, machetes and kukris they all carried make less noise and are about as effective at close range. They made up their own packs—heavy on concentrated survival foods, atabrine, and water purifying bags—much lighter than the usual infantry pack. They let their beards grow—in spite of orders against it—and, by the time they were ready for take-off, they were as hoary a crew as the Spanish Main ever saw in its balmy days.

Four o'clock came and crept on toward five. The high brass flew in to watch the take-off. Stratemeyer, Slim, Baldwin, and Old. A rumor, thin and sharp as a scalpel, began to cut through the advance party. High altitude last minute photos (made by Lt. Charles Russhon) showed one of the three target clearings—"Piccadilly"—to be log-obstructed. Steeled for H-hour at five p.m.—and delayed for an hour by a staff conference—the shakes inside accelerated to full shook.

The Brass threw it to Cochran. Cochran made his decision. "Piccadilly" is out. Everybody piles into "Broadway." This doubled the glider traffic and halved the target landing area. Further it would put the "Piccadilly" task force onto terrain it had not been briefed on. A calculated risk of war.

At six p.m. we filed aboard Number Three Glider, belted ourselves in, and sat sweating. Our tow ship taxied ahead, clouding us thick with dust, and the long nylon tow ropes were hooked on. In every foot of those ropes 117 potential pairs of nylon stockings. Comforting thought for the moment! We jerked and started to waddle down the strip in double tow, Lt. Seese at the controls of our mate-glider on the left. Doc Tulloch slammed my shoulder and pointed ahead, "First tow airborne!" and you could see the lead gliders in double-tow ahead, flying above the thick saffron dust before their tow ship was off the ground. Then we gathered speed ourselves, and Johnnie Alison yanked us off while our own tow ship was still streaking on the ground at full throttle. But only for a moment, before the C-47 took off itself and hoicked our two gliders over the matted jungle top, settling into the long, slow grind of wide circling to get altitude for the mountains ahead.

In the setting tropic sun, the panorama was magnificent for a few minutes as we

climbed for the mountains; then the light died abruptly—the jungle became purple, then deep black, and all our faces aboard Number Three dissolved into shadow.

All we could see ahead was the blue fire splash from the starboard motor exhaust of our tow ship. We could no longer even see Seese's glider to our left. But there was a consciousness of 80 gliders up there with us (actually 67 flew that night)—almost 50 platoons of men—climbing inexorably for 8,500 feet to slice over the first range of mountains.

One Jap night-fighter pilot now, half as good as "Cat's Eyes" Cunningham, could have done us in like sitting ducks; for we were sneaking in, with no top cover, no escort, in unarmed ships entirely—counting only on audacity, secrecy and surprise, and the guts of the 1st Air Commandos.

In strength now, airborne, the Commandos numbered about 135 men—that is, a pilot and co-pilot to each glider, and for the fly-in the whole operation now was solely in their hands—as truck drivers. But in one way or another, by the hook and the crook of volunteer enthusiasm, there must have been at least 20 more of Cochran's youngsters who had wangled their names onto the glider manifests—and several for sure, who had covertly sneaked aboard to "buy in" on the operation.

They began to take it as soon as the whole advance force was over the mountains and on target course. Here and there, from mechanical failure, the snapping of tow ropes, a glider would cut off and start down into the blackness of occupied Burma. Ground fire came up sporadically, and evasion caused gliders to break free. Nine of them went down into enemy territory. In no case, if they survived their pitch-black landings, did the Commandos in those preliminary cut-offs fail to inflict damage. In most cases, on the ground, they separated from the British troops during their long trek back. For they had differing missions. One glider full landed near a Jap Division Headquarters and cut the heart out of it before drifting off into the jungle to get home. Two Commandos never got back to Lalaghat until early June—almost three months later. All of them drew blood, whenever they could, on the long way back—and as you shall see—this very action preserved the element of surprise.

Above them—and soon out of hearing—the tow ships of the advance force droned on. After a couple of hours of black monotony, Johnnie Alison turned his head to me and pointed. "The Irawaddy River!"—a broad sliver ribbon in the new risen moon—and a few minutes later "Target in 20 minutes." Gliders One and Two cut

off and went in ahead of us. Aboard Number Three, bolts snicked cartridges into chambers, hangers on pistols crashed back and slid home again. Tight packed together with the little white-toothed Gurkhas, we fastened safety belts, and the smell of our sweat got that rank, briny tang it gets just before action. Doc Tulloch hit the cut-off, and we howled down on "Broadway."

With two platoons on the ground ahead of us—fanning out now in the moonlight to form perimeter—there was no enemy fire yet upon us. That British lieutenant colonel in Number One had used his good head and not dusted down the jungle. Secrecy and surprise were ours still. We landed and fanned our men out. With four glider loads on "Broadway" and 28 more piling in—and up behind us—23 men died in landing crashes in the next 20 minutes.

With the surgeons amputating by moonlight and gliders coming in over to swerve off and jungle crash, there was for those 20 minutes pure hell on earth in that clearing. Then Brigadier Calvert got the radio word out to turn back 15 gliders before they reached the half way mark—thus thinning the traffic. In the meantime, the Gurkhas, fanning out, intercepted a Kachin patrol and killed all of it with the silent, lethal cut of the kukris.

Thirteen hours later, by Gen. Old's power ships, led by himself—and landing on the strip the Airborne Engineers made with airborne mules and pocket bulldozers—we had Wingate's entire 3d Indian Division across the main Japanese supply lines—in the rear of their whole five-division effort to break into Assam.

So complete were the security measures and the carefully nurtured surprise—that the Japs never hit "Broadway" until nine days later, when it could be held in force. Thereafter, still operational as a strip, it became a battlefield with the Japs holding one end and we the other. "Broadway" was still operational, because right through the infantry battle at one point, one pilot took off from it with a load of wounded in a Dakota and flying under mortar fire and through automatic weapons fire, banked vertically close to the ground to avoid suicide Japs trying to leap into his props, and got clean away.

Of the Air Commandos who reached "Broadway" in that first advance force and abandoned flying status to become infantry—little need be said, because the official citations cover them. But it was the groups who cut off and came down prematurely who were ultimately responsible for the continued success of the surprise.

It was necessary for me to get through to Gen. Wingate personally, in the line of my duty, because that dead British captain

was my opposite number, and, until a replacement arrived, I now had to work for both of us. I found the general, red-bearded, eating a raw onion and leaping for joy in front of his situation map. "Look at it! When the Japs heard us go over, they undoubtedly thought it was a night bombing mission—but now they know it was just a madcap glider raid! Look!" and there it was, plain on that map, for any intelligence officer to swear by. With the luck of war, all of the pre-cut-off gliders had landed on the outer edges of the main Japanese effort—exactly as they would have done had the operation been merely a planned harassing raid. "If they will only keep pecking at them," Wingate gloated, "it'll be days before the Japs realize we're in full Division force behind them!"

The Air Commandos kept pecking, harassing the Jap flanks continually as they trudged back home on foot. No group of them ever avoided the faintest opportunity to inflict damage. They hit and ran wherever they could. A handful of spit-and-vinegar men, widely separated, but fighting the war in their own horse sense fashion, continued the illusion of a raid for the better part of those nine days while the troop and supply levels were built up on "Broadway."

Wingate was killed before it was over. A lot of the Air Commandos died before they ever realized what they had done. Only a few official histories mention them—but the repository of the record lies in their own hearts and memories.

Operation Thursday was the only fully successful glider operation of the entire war: 78 glider sorties, 660 Dakota sorties, 9,052 troops transported, 1,360 pack animals and 250 tons of equipment—to a total casualty cost of 121 men, with the result that, when junction was made with Wingate's "march in" column under Fergusson, we had 12,000 men, in truth, "planted in the guts of the enemy," by airhead.

But what comes back most vividly as I close, is the memory of the peace on those fine, dead young faces we buried at dawn on "Broadway." They seemed, indeed, to have found their souls—and, for the rest of us, nothing has ever seemed quite as important, before or since, as the simple fact that we once rode high together into oblivion in the pale jungle moonlight—and came back. —THE END

Changing Your Address?
Notify Roundup!

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

THE NIGHT OF A MILLION FIRECRACKERS

We were sweating out that unaccountable interruption in a non-combatant's daily schedule. Our appetites were relaxed after intaking goodly portions of bread, meat, and other forms of belly cheer. There was no time to have 40 winks, and it was too early for cinema-going. Your courageous digestive juices were doing battle with dietary delights suggested by Uncle Sam's Cook Book. Some of us military gentlemen were reclining on our Beauty-Rest beds. Others, in a romantic vein, were penning a neat V-Mail communication to the ever-loving wife or lady-in-waiting back at the Ranch. The white-pantied house boys loitered among the beds, ever alert to serve their masters—perchance a leisurely boot-polishing contract, or a post-haste round trip by leaps and bounds to the Hon. Mr. Wellington Chin's "House of the Flowing Bowl." These commercial pilgrimages were sponsored by the lodgers in our Villa when they were overcome by acute thirst. This malady, while not serious, was contagious and responded only to internal medication.

Yes, Chungking was relaxing after a hard day at the office. Well, at least the furniture was hard. Us chair-borne infantrymen were fighting the war with all the mimeograph paper and stencils that the Theater Adjutant, Colonel Shaw, could import.

Yes, this was the hour for small jobs such as toenail maintenance, sock darning, button replacing, or just sitting there listening to your arteries hardening. Maybe the War Dept. Historians can pin down the precise minute, but this Old Timer would make a hasty estimate that 7:00 P.M. was in focus on the Sundial. All at once four or five shots of gunfire were heard from the ball diamond. If the Great American Game had been in progress, we would have suspected that some disgruntled fan was pestering the umpire by shooting the pipe out of his mouth! A nimblefooted analysis of the baseball menu told me that the grudge game between Larry's Latrine Orderlies and the Chaplain's Assistants had been postponed just a couple of drinks before game time, so we dashed to the window. All of us slightly middle-aged blokes moving at once resembled a stampeding herd of turtles. Two

enlisted men with upturned noses and guns were gathered at 4th Base, firing away at something in outer space! With strained organs of speech, these two riflemen related that the Duration had terminated!

"Nervous in the Service" PFC's threw away their Barbitol and were at once normal young men. Yes, World War II had run its course, we thought. Our primary desire was to let the townsfolk enjoy the glad tidings. Several Tennessee-raised soldiers produced flasks of old-fashioned snake bite remedy, as if by magic, from footlockers. Good fellowship prevailed! Soon we were all immune to the rattler's fangs and paraded down boulevard and lane, chanting quaint old marching songs. The citizenry joined in our solemn procession, and long ropes of firecrackers snapped, popped and crackled from second story windows. Billowing clouds of powder smoke arose as if produced by Aladdin's Lamp, but no Genie appeared. Armed with mysterious Oriental words meaning "The War is Over" I entered many lunch markets and sounded off. Diners left platters of noodles uneaten and unpaid for. The frenzied multitude went nuts! Native girls were embraced openly by eager G.I.'s in a great display of "love thy neighbor." Fumes emitting from a million crackers irritated the eyes of us Yanks.

As the hour of 3:00 A.M. approached, the villagers politely beat it for home and most of us guys returned to our billets and were again the model soldiers that General Wedemeyer commanded so ably. Dawn came too soon, and the coffee consumption was terrific as us white-collar workers munched our eggs. One or two older men were seen gumming their raw toast on account of misplacing their Tru Bites during the enchanted evening.

And the War was not over yet. As a closing thought, I wonder how many readers recall that August evening in Chungking some 17 summers ago?

(Author's note: This false alarm was never publicized in the U. S. Press to my knowledge. Radio Chungking intercepted an unofficial message that started things moving! Actually, Japan surrendered about two weeks later.)

EMBROIDERED C.B.I. SHOULDER PATCHES

75c EACH

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

A Dish of Elephant Meat

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the last of three articles written by Al Dougherty, of Headquarters MATS Historical Division, which originally appeared in Broadcaster, the Scott Air Force Base newspaper.)

BY AL DOUGHERTY
Wing Historian

MATS has its roots in the Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service. It was the post-war consolidation of these two services that brought MATS into being on June 1, 1948.

Not the least of ATC's World War II achievements was its tremendous transport operation over the Himalayan "Hump" with its 17,000-foot peaks.

The "Hump" route was a line drawn across the eastern Himalayas and the forests of Burma by American determination and courage.

This Air Transport Command lifeline from India to China kept China alive during World War II. The "Hump" line carried more tons of cargo over a given route than had ever been carried before.

ATC flew more planes than any airline then in existence, over the most rugged mountain terrain in the world. To accomplish this gigantic operation it had only a fraction of the service facilities it needed.

Its operational losses, which were higher than those of any other noncombat aviation unit in World War II, in some cases exceeded those of combat units. It flew unarmed during the most dangerous days, contending with treacherous terrain and flying conditions, and constantly harassed by Japanese air power.

The round trip to China and back was 1,100 miles, and the aircrews often flew it several times a week. Notwithstanding fighter protection, there was always the peril of enemy attack, and a heavily laden transport was obviously no match for a speedy zero fighter.

To be shot down or forced down in the mountains meant possible death from exposure even if the crew were not killed. The record shows that there were several miraculous escapes. One downed airman finally returned after trudging for 48 days over snow-covered mountains and through dense foothill jungles.

In 1944, after completing 96 missions over the "Hump," Lt. Michael Krikorian was due for rotation.

Flying his last mission from China back to his home base in India, he ran into

severe weather. Lightning crippled the C-46 transport he was piloting.

After ordering his crew to bail out at 11,000 feet, he found himself trapped by the terrific centrifugal force of the spinning plane.

Managing to right the aircraft momentarily, he bailed out at 7,000 feet. There were a few more tense moments as the spiraling plane made erratic passes at him in mid-air.

Coming in for a one-point landing, he crashed into a tall tree, suffering only a strained left ankle. Painstakingly he climbed down to the ground. It was pouring rain.

After an hour in the jungle he heard a shout, and soon afterward joined his copilot. The two flyers began to hack their way through the dense undergrowth with the jungle knives which were a part of their pack.

At dusk they built a lean-to thatched with banana leaves, and all night they crouched in this makeshift shelter while the rain poured and innumerable leeches settled thickly on their skin to suck their blood.

Starting out again at daylight in a teeming jungle replete with the calls and grunts of birds and wild animals, they stumbled on a trail which led to a small river. They followed this river and soon came upon the radio operator, who had also landed safely.

Food became an urgent problem. Lt. Krikorian had two chocolate bars, which he rationed out in slivers, and these provided breakfast and dinner for three or four days.

Life still had its moments: starting across a meadow, they spotted a large tiger prowling ahead of them, and froze until he was out of sight.

Coming to another meadow they found company again—this time a herd of water buffalo. They remained hidden in the jungle until the cantankerous beasts had gone on their way. They spent that night in a deserted native hut.

For eight days they followed the trail, drinking iodine-treated river water. Overhead a convocation of vultures closely watched them.

After crossing a rapid river and evading another herd of water buffalo they saw a native fishing in the river and hailed him. As a peace gesture Lt. Krikorian took off his shirt and gave it to the fisherman, so he was convinced the Americans were friendly.

The native then led the airmen to his village, where they ate a tremendous meal of fish and rice, not bothered by the lack of utensils, but fervidly using their hands. To these famished explorers it was a superb banquet—the finest meal they had ever eaten.

They used every means they could think of to explain that they wanted to get to India, but the natives remained indifferent. When the lieutenant happened to say the word "American," though, an amazing change took place. In the words of the airmen, "the natives began to treat us like kings."

The three airmen spent the night at the village. The next morning, equipped with food and gear for a journey, they set off with a party of eight natives.

For six days they trekked over rugged terrain, stopping at villages along the way. On two occasions they were offered rare

delicacies by the natives.

The first dish was elephant meat, smoked over a fire but not cooked, and the second monkey meat which, Lt. Krikorian said, "I refused to eat. I ate the elephant to please them, but I couldn't eat monkey."

After 18 days of traveling they arrived at an American outpost, from which they were eventually moved to their own base, concluding a jaunt which began in January and ended the middle of February 1944.

The "Hump" airmen fought the enemy, the jungle, the mountains, and the monsoons day and night, but most important to them was the need to keep the planes going out to China.

Upon the strong and hardy roots of the Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service, today's Military Air Transport Service was founded. —THE END

170,000 Animals Sell at Bateshwar

World's Largest Livestock Show

From the Denver Post

BATESHWAR, India—Every fall this small town, 40 miles from India's famed Taj Mahal at Agra, becomes the scene of what probably is the world's largest livestock show.

Among the average of 170,000 animals brought to the show is the added attraction that no American stock show can boast—70,000 camels.

The annual show has been going on for years, but this year there was one great change: Livestock was auctioned in the American manner to the advantage of both the buyer and the seller.

Outsiders may look on the change as almost inconsequential, but thousands of Indian stockmen are thankful to their American counterparts and are anxious to know more about American livestock practices.

India is primarily an agricultural country but it has livestock problems almost unbelievable to American livestock men. It depends on cattle as beasts of burden in the almost complete absence of mechanized farming. It has almost 25 pct. of the livestock population of the world, about 162 million cattle.

But this cattle population is a wasteful surplus and a terrific strain on India's meager fodder resources. Many of the bullocks are used as draft animals, but less than half the cows are in milk production, and use of cattle for beef is prohibited be-

cause of religious and sentimental reasons.

The cow is sacred in India and most states have stringent laws and penalties to prohibit cow slaughter.

Sale and exchange of livestock and livestock products, with the exception of beef, always has been big business in India.

Cattle transactions at fairs were handled by brokers with bargains struck literally under a piece of cloth, the broker using his fingers to indicate the price.

The method always has operated to the disadvantage of both the buyer and seller. Seldom has there been a standard brokerage rate, and often the brokers collected sales commissions from both the buyer and seller.

This was the situation when Ralph E. Fisher, a livestock marketing adviser for the State Department's Agency for International Development, was assigned to India two years ago at the request of the government of India. Fisher, a livestock man from Madison, Wis., studied India's livestock marketing problems and then presented a plan for the introduction of the American auction method.

The plan was put into practice on a demonstration basis last year at Bateshwar's big show. Never had Indian breeders received so much for their animals or buyers bought them so cheaply. The auction sale method won immediate popularity with everyone—except the brokers—and was quickly introduced at other livestock shows.

—THE END

Rambling Through Gold Brick Row

BY REX SMITH

Me and ole Nellie, that's my hoss, done been a sittin' down here deep in the heart of Texas, nigh on to twenty yars, come this spring, when we done read that there reminiscin' in your "Ex-CBI Roundup." Shore did bring back them there good ole days. Course we done went into retirement when we left Ramgarh on rotation back in '44. We was one of them correspondents for the Bull Sheet and our column was "Rambling Through Gold Brick Row." And now as you can see our style of riting wusn't exactly what you would call the latest. But since ole Nellie and I done got home we have improved on it jest a little. Eny how that article on the USAT Brazil (March issue) kinda got us ter thinking and maybe we ought ter come out of retirement fer a spell and kinda give yer readers some kind of a picture of the ole Casual Detachment 8925-B, later known as "The Ramgarh Training Center." Course to them there readers who wusn't at Ramgarh I'll have ter introduce myself, T/Sgt "Brushmush" Rex Smith, a member of the fourth estate for nigh on ter thirty years this here fall. I wusn't one of them

there reporters, but jest a bookkeeper and did all of my ritin' while in Ramgarh. I'm still with Dallas' greatest newspaper, The DALLAS TIMES HERALD. But enough about me; on with that there story—

* * *

My group from Camp Bowie, Texas, consisted of 16 enlisted men. We volunteered as clerks for Chungking, China, and assembled at Fort Scriven, Georgia. We did not know at that time that Washington had invited others to accompany us.

From February 24, 1942, until March 14, 1942, contingents of Infantry, Field Artillery, Cavalry, CWS, Ordnance, Engineers, Medical, Signal, Quartermaster, Tanks, etc., arrived to form "The Casual Detachment 8925-B" which consisted of 52 officers and 138 enlisted men. We later became known as the "Ramgarh Training Center" (Stillwell's Group).

The convoy of GI trucks pulled out of Ft. Scriven to our port of embarkation; after a few days of sightseeing in Charleston, S. C., and additional shots in the arm, we loaded on trucks and drove to the docks (March 17, 1942).



POSING before mural he painted for the "Monsoon Inn," enlisted men's club at Ramgarh, India, is Roy Schatt. U. S. Army photo by Frank (Don't Look at the Camera) Amelia, who now lives in Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.



CHINESE soldier with new Enfield rifle at Ramgarh, India, in 1943. Stocks of these rifles were specially made in Calcutta on account of the short arms of the Chinese. U. S. Army photo by Frank Amelia.

On the morning of March 19, 1942, the big motors in the ship began to turn and our convoy pulled out of the harbor.

It is not necessary to repeat the voyage on the USAT Brazil as I know the story by Billy Todd Lambert capably covered our sea voyage. But I would like to add that, even though we had staterooms, I am sure her journey wasn't as crowded as ours. Stateroom 162, B deck, portside, aft, was indeed close quarters for we bunked 19 enlisted men in about the same size stateroom as Billy Todd and her five companions shared.

Finally, after sixty days and hectic ones of hardboiled eggs, "B" deck aft meetings, guard duties, latrine cleaning, K.P., "slum" suppers, stuffy black-out nights and

"Charms," the grand old ship brought us into an Indian port, Karachi.

What a disillusioned group of men! How different it was from the glowing pictures that were painted for our benefit.

A sand bar protruding out into the Indian Ocean and the vast wasteland in the horizon to the east was the entrance picture to India. Desolate as the country looked from our view, it was land, an oasis in the desert. Nearly sixty days of salt water made the sand look good. It was the hot months, the heat was nothing to compare, Texas August could not compete with this phenomenon of mysterious India. Drifting toward us from the sand dunes was that unmistakable odor which is a cross between the Fort Worth, Texas, stockyards and a New England fishmarket on a hot August day.

That was a part of my life until the ship carried me away from their shores nearly three years later. Even though we learned to live with this awful fragrance of the east, it constantly haunted our nostrils with the appearance of the honey pot carts, that seemed to always be passing our way. It was indeed the land of the "Sacred Cows."

Standing off from the entrance to the port of Karachi, awaiting the port pilot to steer our ship through the mine fields, we felt a jubilation of relief. All the days spent on the ocean under constant threat from the enemy and their underwater destruction crews, was over and in a short time we would be on another leg of our mission. Not knowing that destiny was playing a hand for our future, we prepared our gear for disembarking.

Upon our arrival at the New Malir Cantonment near Karachi, we learned that General Stilwell was lost somewhere in Burma. As our orders or assignments were directly to General Stilwell, as the Stilwell Mission, we were the lost detachment, for no one knew what to do with us.

After special permission was received from Washington, the Service of Supply began the reassignment of our detachment. I was assigned to a group sent to the northwest frontier province of India, Ghora Dhatka, to establish a rest center for Air Corps personnel. Others of our detachment were farmed out to different S.O.S. installations in India.

Then came the good news, Uncle Joe and a band of 115 survivors accomplished the impossible feat of walking out of Burma. He admitted defeat with this note of honesty: "We got the hell licked out of us. It was humiliating as hell; we ought to find out why it happened and return."

We were being called back together and sent to Ramgarh Bihar, India, located

about 180 miles northwest of Calcutta, on our original assignment.

Again most of the boys were back together. A few were sent on to Chungking, China, our original destination. Some were assigned to the New Delhi Headquarters and a few preferred to stay with S.O.S. We were better friends now, closer, happy that we could gripe about everything, get inebriated, gamble, sing, work and play together. We lost a few men on transfer and gained a lot as our training center grew. We worked hard day and night to accomplish our task, studying the Chinese language and applying our knowledge in training the three divisions of Chinese which later were instrumental in retaking Burma.

Ramgarh was the site of a large prison camp. It was situated in the rolling hills and paddy fields of Bihar Province near a typical Indian jungle and favored the type of training the Chinese troops needed.

As we grew into an organization, we wanted recognition. Through the efforts of our Personnel, they worked out the Casual Detachment insignia—something that would signify what the detachment was trying to accomplish. The scroll was decided on and any other thing that would signify learning or teaching. We came up with a torch and hand in a circle with points of the compass to signify that we came from all parts of the U. S. A. We then divided the scroll into three sections with one of the three primary colors in each section to signify that the men came from all branches of the service. Our motto, "Victory Through Knowledge," was placed in a banner below the scroll. Chinese characters, two on each side of the second and third parts of the scroll which sounds like this in phonetical Chinese, E CHIR CHEE SHUNG, meaning the same, "Victory Through Knowledge." A copy was mailed to Colonel Dorn of the Stilwell staff for approval. With only a minor change it was approved. Captain Carl Arnold, our Morale Officer, made arrangements in Calcutta for the manufacture. The crowning event was the presentation of a set to General Stilwell. His acceptance speech was slightly off the record but with words to the effect that he was proud of them and very happy about the presentation. He granted permission for us to wear them on the cap only.

So to Sergeants McGhay and Jochum (later W. O. and Lt.) who gave so much of their time and effort toward making our detachment more than the usual casual unit with our special identification insignia, went the thanks of all the Casual Detachment 8925-B.

As history records, our Chinese-American trained soldiers returned to Burma accom-

panied by some of the instructors as liaison officers to erase the humiliation Uncle Joe received at the hand of the Japs. For it was to this dynamic General that this program was conceived and its activities were always close to his heart. We did our best to justify the faith he had placed in us.

This is not meant to distract from the American units who helped retake Burma. Their action more than speaks for itself. But it was through our united efforts we achieved success.

Maybe this kind of organization could be used as a nucleus in the army of tomorrow?

Rotation caught up with the original Detachment and after seeing India via fourth class (the untouchable) transportation coaches, Indian Railway System, we arrived in Bombay.

We departed Bombay on July 11, 1944, aboard the USS General George Randall. As I stood there on the deck of the ship watching India fade away, I remembered the other day in May 1942 (two years, one month and 24 days of history had been made) as mysterious India became a part of my life and now the great day of departure had arrived. The day we had looked forward to with so much anticipation. The poem by one of the Casuals, M/Sgt. Robert G. Clayton, sums up the mission from beginning to end with a thought for us today:

PRAYER OF THE FUTURE

(From the Bull Sheet, March 13, 1942)

We saw the shores fast fade away,
The glistening lights dim out.
We heard the lap of water there,
And silence all about.
For sixty days we moved along,
And wished our trip was o'er.
At last a sandy beach was seen,
As we touched India's shore.
The gang has broken up a bit,
With changes here and there.
But in each "Casual" heart still beats
The same whole-hearted prayer:
"Let us do the job up right,
Whatever place we be,
Pulling together helps a lot,
To bring Peace and Victory.
And when the battle's won at last,
As we homeward turn,
In each and every heart let
The Flame of friendship burn.
And sometimes in the future years,
We sit and count our joys,
Let's pause awhile and think
Of the old "Casual Boys."

But on with the completion of our journey. A stopover in Melbourne, Australia and thirty one days from Bombay, India, we landed at San Pedro, California on August 12, 1944. Our circle was complete.

Sikhs Seek Separate State

From the Fort Dodge Messenger

By fasts, demonstration, and sheer tenacity, India's Sikhs are fighting for a Punjabi-speaking state.

The latest chapter in the 14-year-old crusade ended when the Sikh leader, Master Tara Singh, broke his 47-day hunger fast for certain considerations.

Though the Indian government still opposes Punjab's partition into Hindi and Punjabi-speaking states, it has set up a commission to study Sikh complaints of discrimination by the Hindi majority.

The Sikh demands are part of the multilingual problem that has troubled the Indian Union since it won independence in 1947. Fourteen major tongues and more than 800 different languages and dialects are spoken within the nation's borders.

In 1956 the government reorganized the existing 27 states into 14 on the basis of officially recognized languages. Only Bombay and Punjab remained bilingual. Last year, after rioting and bloodshed, Bombay was split into two states—Gujarat for the chiefly Gujarati-speaking people, and Maharashtra for Marathi adherents.

GOVERNMENT LEADERS contend, however, that such a solution would be strategically inadvisable in Frontier Punjab, surrounded on three sides by Pakistan, disputed Kashmir, and Communist-held Tibet. They also argue that a separate Punjabi-speaking state would be predominantly Sikh, forming a communal or religious, rather than a linguistic, division.

The Sikh faith, an offshoot of Hinduism, originated in the 15th century. It was founded by the Punjabi religious scholar Nanak, who was born in 1469 near Lahore.

Guru, or "Teacher," Nanak borrowed much of his doctrine from Islam. Converts were called Sikhs from the Sanskrit word for disciple. They worshiped a universal God, rejected Hindu caste.

With the appeal of poetic sermons sung to the lute, Sikhism spread rapidly. By 1700, the gurus who succeeded Nanak had built up a large and devoted following. The 10th and last of these, Gobind Singh, set a militant pattern. He introduced the Five K's, so called for the Punjabi words for dress and discipline required of the faithful.

A DEVOUT SIKH may not cut his hair or beard; he must wear a special comb in his long hair, usually tucked up under a turban; he must also wear a sword or dagger, short pants, and a steel bangle at his wrist.

The Sikhs were noted for valor in the many invasions and regional struggles of the north. Though they fought the British in two wars, they later became loyal subjects, and served with distinction in regiments aboard.

In peacetime, Sikhs have earned an enviable reputation for business integrity and enterprise. Many have made careers as engineers, technicians and leaders in farming and industrial fields.

Should a Punjabi-speaking state ever be formed, it would be a small part of the Sikhs' vast former homeland. About two-thirds of British-held Punjab went to Pakistan in the 1947 division of the subcontinent.

The Sikhs who lived in this area were caught up in the tragic fighting among fanatic religious sects. Sikh survivors took refuge in India's East Punjab, which in 1956 was integrated with neighboring states to form the present Punjab, largely Hindi-speaking. The stage was set for another partition drama, but one which Indians hope may be their last.

—THE END

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

CBI DATELINE

*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

SHILLONG—Eight security personnel were killed in a recent encounter with Naga hostiles in the Sema area of Nagaland. Casualties on the hostiles' side were also believed to be heavy. In another encounter six hostiles were killed by village guards in Tuensang District. Heads of those killed were later chopped off and brought before the District Commissioner, Tuensang, as evidence of the successful operation.

KARACHI—The Pakistani Government has announced its decision approving the setting up of a Rs 13.32 crore steel mill at Chittagong, East Pakistan. The proposed mill, dependent upon imported pig iron, will produce 100,000 tons of steel annually. The mill will be set up by the Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation and Japanese steel manufacturers will participate in arranging for equity capital for the mill.

SERAMPORE—There were 15 deaths in 128 accidents on the 12-mile stretch of the Grand Trunk Road between Ballykhal and Bhadreswar, Hooghly, during the year 1961, against 71 deaths in 58 accidents the previous year, according to official figures. The "casualty points" are Shekherbazar Bhadrakali, near the Hastings Jute Mill in Rishra, Nowgaon in Serampore and Bhadreswar Bazar, where the road is narrow and tortuous.

CALCUTTA—The recent murder of five second class passengers on the Doon Express, near Hazaribagh, coming as it does on the heels of a number of railway crimes and accidents, has shaken people's confidence in the safety of rail travel. Senior railway security officers suggest special measures should immediately be taken.

NEW DELHI—The Chemistry Department of the Indian Agricultural Research Institute recently demonstrated the technical feasibility of using methane gas derived from cow dung, night soil or dried leaves for propelling a five-horsepower engine. The engine can be used for industrial purposes like running a mechanical chaff cutter, a flour mill or a baby oil expeller. So far, cow dung gas plants have been used only for supplying gas for light or domestic cooking.

NEW DELHI—A Presidential order has been issued to save the elephants in the NEFA area from indiscriminate destruction. The President has promulgated the NEFA (elephants preservation) Regulation of 1962 extending to the area an act passed 83 years ago. Under the 1879 act, killing of an elephant, except when it has been officially declared as a "rogue," is forbidden. Elephants, it is explained, frequently move between the NEFA area and Assam. While they are protected animals in Assam, some of them are destroyed when they enter NEFA.

TRIVANDRUM—R. Sankar, Deputy Chief Minister, disclosed in the State Assembly that men with young wives would not be eligible for old age pensions, according to the rules now in force. He said the Government was of the view that if they had wives less than 50 years old the latter would be in a position to provide for them and Government aid was not necessary.

RAWALPINDI—District magistrates in West Pakistan have banned kite flying. Among the towns where kite flying is banned are Karachi, Rawalpindi and Lahore—for centuries seat of this popular sport. The reason for the ban is that many children have been killed in falling from house tops. Kite flying has also led to fatal clashes between rival groups of enthusiasts. Despite the ban, kite flying is still popular.

SHILLONG—In one of the worst outrages since the Naga trouble started, six Karachi villages near Haflong in the North Cachar Hills were razed to the ground recently by hostiles. In all, 191 houses and huts were destroyed. One person was shot dead while trying to escape and others were injured. Several persons were kidnapped.

MUZAFFARNAGAR—A tusker recently ran amuck on the Ranchi-Hazaribagh road, killing its mahout and smashing two State buses. The animal also trampled another man, injuring him seriously, before it was killed by police orderlies. It was shot at least 20 times before it was killed.

MOKAMEH—A young woman from North Bihar, who came on foot for a holy bath, fell from the bridge into the Ganga near Pier No. 2 of the Rajendrapool (Mokameh). Though she fell from a height of 300 feet, she was unhurt.

CALCUTTA—The expectation of life in West Bengal has gone up to 48.13, according to a pilot survey conducted in six unions of fine districts of the state in 1960. It shows an increase in the span of life by 23.27 years over that of 1931. Life expectancy in 1931 was 24.86 years. Statistics

show a reduction in the death rate by 58 per cent in the last 13 years. Infant mortality dropped 56 per cent, cholera deaths 85 per cent, smallpox 97 per cent, malaria 99 per cent, pulmonary tuberculosis 75 per cent and dysentery deaths 60 per cent between 1948 and 1961. During this period per capita expenditures for health services in the State has increased by 46 per cent.

GANGTOK—Bhutan will soon have her own postal stamps, and 300,000 stamps are now being printed in London. The stamps will be in several colours and seven denominations ranging from two chhatiks (one naya paisa) to a rupee. Bhutan has no postal stamps of her own at present, and Indian postage is used.

MUZAFFARPUR—Five murders in Bihar near the end of last year have been linked with primitive beliefs and witchcraft.

ASANSOL—A box of attar recently led to the arrest of six alleged dacoits. A dacoity was committed at the house of a grocer at Jambad colliery by a gang of 20 men who also looted his grocery and the adjoining perfumery. The smell of perfume in a bustee in Khas Sitalpur colliery attracted notice, and a search was made by police. They recovered a large portion of the stolen goods, including the box of attar. Six miners were arrested.

MARGHERITA—A senior Bengali mine sirdar at Namdang colliery, three miles from here, is reported to have sacrificed his three-year-old son before an image of the goddess Kali. The miner split his son's head open with an axe. The sirdar, who it was said was mentally unsound, told officials that the goddess had appeared to him in a dream and had wanted his son's blood.

NEW DELHI—The Government of India has decided to mint one naya paisa coins of nickel-brass alloy in order to economize on foreign exchange expenditures on the import of copper. These coins will be made from the metal recovered from the withdrawn nickel-brass coins of the anna-pie series. The new coins will be exactly the same as the bronze one naya paisa coins in design, shape and weight, but will be yellow in appearance. Issue of the new coins does not involve the withdrawal of the present bronze coins.

CALCUTTA—The home of quality tea, West Bengal, will start coffee cultivation on a commercial scale. Experimental coffee cultivation in the Mungpoo and Mung-song areas in Darjeeling under the State Government's sponsorship has been very successful and has shown that it can be grown in those areas profitably.

CBI Veteran Finally Gets Recognition as World War II Ace

From the Boulder, Colo., Camera

AIR FORCE ACADEMY, Colo.—It took 18 years to do it but an Air Force Academy officer has finally had his name added to the list of American aerial aces.

Maj. Don Lopez flew P-40's and P-51's in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II.

On about his seventh mission he sighted his first Japanese Zero. Both pilots sparred for a few minutes, zoomed into tight turns, and headed toward each other at a high rate of speed.

Neither turned! The sturdy wing of the P-40 knifed through the more fragile structure of the Zero.

Only 'Probable'

Maj. Lopez managed to fly his aircraft back to the American base at Hengyang and reported the incident. Since there were no witnesses to verify the crash of the Zero,

and no gun camera film, the American could list the enemy aircraft as only a "probable."

Between December 1943 and November 1944, Maj. Lopez shot down four Japanese aircraft, leaving him just one away from the coveted number of five—the total at which the rank of ace is established.

Last year, Maj. Lopez recounted the story of his first encounter with the enemy to a friend at the academy. He then learned of Col. Raymond Toliver, who was doing research on a book about American aces.

Evidence Found

Delving deeply into Japanese records for the month of December 1941, Col. Toliver found information to back up Maj. Lopez's story. Japanese intelligence reports showed their losses as one more aircraft than the total claimed by American pilots on Dec. 12.

There were reports too that Chinese troops had found a Zero on the ground with a large section of the wing torn off.

Last week Maj. Lopez received a letter from the Fighter Aces Association welcoming him to the ranks of the aerial greats and stating that his name has been added to the ranks of World War II aces.

—THE END

Book Reviews



THE CHANGING SOCIETY OF CHINA. By Ch'u Chai and Winberg Chai. New American Library. February 1962. 75c.

A comprehensive study of the traditional art, philosophy, religion and social and political institutions of China, followed by an analysis of the upheaval that has resulted in the modern Communist Chinese state.

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE KWAI. By Ernest Gordon. Harper & Brothers, New York. April 1962. \$3.95.

The extraordinary first-hand story of the miraculous regeneration—spiritual, mental and physical—among the prisoners-of-war in the notorious Japanese death camp on the River Kwai.

HOUSE OF THE 10,000 PLEASURES. By Sara Harris. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. February 1962. \$4.50.

A moving and fascinating study of the personal and sexual life of two Japanese women, a beautiful geisha of the old school and a post World War II "pan-pan" or streetwalker, gentle and loving beyond the usual of her kind. The two women are really composites of dozens of such women whom Mrs. Harris interviewed in Japan for this book, subtitled "A modern study of the geisha and of the streetwalker of Japan."

THE LAST CAMPAIGN. By Glen Ross. Harper & Brothers, New York. April 1962. \$5.95.

This is the story of a machine gun squad in Korea—their suffering, their humor, their gallantry and companionship. As members of the Division Band, they had been serving in Japan but felt removed from the real war and transferred to line outfits. They found the real war and learned about it fast, moving north into the cold hills as the long blue columns of Chinese moved south to meet them.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE. By Francis King. Doubleday & Co. New York. May 1962. \$4.95.

A novel of present-day Japan, with a large cast of Orientals and Occidentals at odds and in love with one another—including an "emancipated" Japanese girl, a down-at-the-heels American newspaper man, and an idealistic, persistent British professor.

INDIA'S CHINA POLICY. By P. C. Chakravarti. Indiana University Press. March 1962. \$4.95.

A survey of recent India-China relations, focusing on Tibetan events and China's territorial violations of India, and frankly critical of the weakness of India's China policy. The author, one of India's leading experts on international relations, draws an analogy between China's aggressive policy and Hitler's aims as spelled out in "Mein Kampf."

THE FEVER TREE. By Richard Mason. World Publishing Co. May 1962. \$4.95.

A novel in which a secret agent comes to grips at last with his conscience. The heart of its plot is a Communist scheme to assassinate a Nepalese king. Suspense, romance and excitement.

THE PAGEANT OF CHINESE HISTORY. By Elizabeth Seeger. David McKay Company, Inc., New York. May 1962. \$6.50.

The fourth revised edition, with two new chapters, of a book which when first published was reviewed as the best history of China for young people. Ages 12 up.

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO TIBET. By Anne Telscombe. Ives Washburn, New York. May 1962. \$3.50.

Another hilarious story by the author of "Miss Bagshot Goes to Moscow," this one telling how the intrepid Miss Bagshot and young Brenda Carter-Veale overcome a variety of disturbing omens and confusing contretemps on their journey to plumb the mysteries of Tibet.

GIVE ME TOMORROW. By William Crawford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. May 1962. \$3.95.

A novel about one brief combat action of the Korean War, revealing the courage and gallantry, the pride and strength of the United States Marine Corps.

GIANTS IN WAR. By James Dean Sanderson. Van Nostrand. April 1962. \$4.95.

Stories of men's courage in combat in the two world wars and the Korean War. The central figures represent many nationalities, both friends and enemies.

THE STILWELL PAPERS. General Joseph Stilwell. Edited by Theodore H. White. Macfadden. May 1962. Paperback, 75c.

Hard-hitting, behind-the-scenes account of the frustrations which "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell experienced in trying to serve both as deputy commander in the China-Burma-India Theater and as chief-of-staff to Chiang Kai-shek. The New Yorker described it as "a series of reactions, under pressure, of a career soldier of deep integrity, high emotional vigor and strong prejudices."



LLOYD'S BANK, located on the Circle in New Delhi. Readers who were stationed there will recall that the building also housed one of the larger movie theatres in the city. Photo by R. C. Konen.

Chain of Contact

● You are to be complimented on the caliber of your material, both serious and humorous. I always enjoy the amusing little articles written by Father R. A. Welfle. So I would hate to break the chain of contact with "Mother India." As I write this, Jackie Kennedy is seeing some of the Old and New Delhi sights with which so many of us are familiar, and I happily recall our bicycle tours back and forth from the Delhi airport, and around the tombs, temples and mosques.

JOHN E. SEIFERT,
DeWitt, Iowa

Eubanks Retires

● Col. C. A. Holmes Eubanks, who was serving as assistant chief of the supply and services division of Fitzsimons General Hospital here, retired recently after about 20 years of service. Colonel Eubanks served in CBI during World War II, and was in Greece, Thailand and Germany following the war. A native of Hutchinson, Kan., he attended the University of Colorado where he earned a bachelor of science degree. Colonel Eubanks and his family will continue to live in the Denver area.

ARTHUR MARTIN,
Denver, Colo.

Familiar Name

● Saw a familiar name in your last issue . . . Ruth Meaghan Gillette. I send her fond greetings from some of the gang she knew in the sweetness of our youth in Assam. From Vincent Holtz, Dave Emmanuel and from me. Whenever I see a familiar name in the magazine, a small pang gets me right about here. It seems impossible that it all happened almost **twenty years** ago.

GENE SAYET,
New York, N. Y.

Flying Buddies

● Ran into Druce P. Henn of Cincinnati, Ohio, while I was in Cincinnati at a convention. We were flying buddies from the 315th Troop Carrier Squadron out of Ledo, Dinjan, Chihkiang, and Hankow. We really hashed over old times.

MIKE FEDUNIAK,
Miami, Fla.

Division Commander

● Readers may be interested to know that Maj. Gen. C. F. (Nick) Necrason is commander of the 28th Air Division (SAGE), with headquarters at Hamilton Air Force Base, Calif. A native of Cooperstown, N. Y., he is a 1936 graduate of the U. S. Military Academy—had primary and basic training at Randolph and received his wings at Kelly in October 1937. During World War II he commanded the 7th Bomb Group for 27 months overseas and returned to the ZI in March 1944. He has seen service in the Philippines, the Southwest Pacific, China, Burma, India, Germany and, most recently, in Alaska where he commanded the Alaskan Air Command.

LARRY HEUSER,
San Francisco, Calif.



INDIAN WORKERS are shown loading a truck at Gushkara, India, in 1944. Photo by Julius Greenberg.



TRAVELERS on the road from Kunming to Chengkung. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

AACS Gaya Buddies

● Have been in (as a Roundup reader) since issue No. 1 and wouldn't want to miss. Have come across several sahib buddies through your interesting magazine. Our bunch of AACS Gaya buddies (old "Able Mike") are attempting a reunion to be held at 7 p.m. Saturday, June 9, at the Mountainside Inn, Route 22, Mountainside, N. J. This is eight miles west of Newark Airport on west-bound lane of U. S. Route 22. Reservations must be in by May 15 to either Ross K. Miller, 8 Lockwood Drive, Roselle, N. J., phone CHestnut 5-2583, or Abbott R. Campbell, 38 Park Avenue, Cranford, N. J., phone BRidge 6-9540.

A. R. CAMPBELL,
Cranford, N. J.

November Cover

● Want to compliment you on the fine work you did on the cover of the November issue which I brought to your attention earlier in the year. Donald Jason, the scratchboard artist, was most pleased to receive the copies you sent him.

RAUL M. PEREIRA,
New Bedford, Mass.

Trips and Ships

● Since writing last I did make that trip to the east and had an enjoyable time. I visited Holmquist, who was in 82nd Repair, and then in Iowa I visited Amundson and his family. Then on to Ohio to see Hanna and his family, and then to New York state to see Loftus. It really was great to see more of the old gang and to hash over the days we spent together. Wish I could have seen more of the guys who

live east but days are limited so could only call on a few. Did enjoy seeing Niagara Falls and the mining region of Minnesota. Holmquist and I took a drive thru the Iron Mountains. I did enjoy seeing the picture of the General Butner some issues back. We returned on that ship. Now I would like to see one of the Mauretania, our home from 7 October 1942 until about the 25th of November. We transferred to a small Polish ship in the harbor of Colombo, Ceylon; arrived at Bombay on the 30th. Fifty-three days in all. I wonder how many of the men who were stationed around Calcutta went out to Batanagar, the Czech settlement at the shoe factory, and remember Havlecek, the manager of the club there. He was a real swell guy and always treated us royally. Those who knew him will be interested to know that he lives near Sydney, Australia, and owns a fancy eating place there.

LEO BIALEK,
Inverness, Mont.

Reader 15 Years

● Have enjoyed your ex-CBI magazine for 15 years . . . keep up the good work.

LOUIS J. PANEPINTO, Jr.,
Rochester, N. Y.



WATER HEATER for GI bath house at Misamari Air Base, Assam, India. Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.



CHINESE farm residents near Kunming, in Yunnan Province, in 1943. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

Big Part of Life

● When my good friend and neighbor Frank Bispeck introduced me to your magazine so many years ago, I had no idea then that it would become a big part of our social life. Because of the magazine, the family took in the Milwaukee reunion in 1952. That was the start of our CBI fun and we boast of hundreds of dear friends throughout the States. One of my big thrills was to organize the Mahoning Valley Basha of Youngstown, O., thereby introducing the CBIVA to many who otherwise may never have heard of it. It's a great organization and once again, thanks to a thoughtful neighbor and to the Ex-CBI Roundup.

JOE NIVERT,
Youngstown, O.

Television Feature

● Remember Fred W. Friendly, who was with the original CBI Roundup? The CBS-TV documentary, "Biography of a Cancer," produced by Friendly, won the Albert and Mary Lasker Journalism Award for the outstanding medical television feature of 1960.

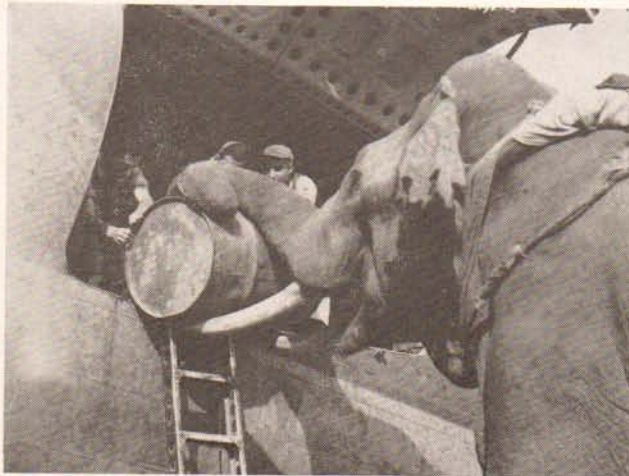
CHARLES C. CLARK,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Picture of Butner

● Is there any way I can get an 8 x 10 photo of the SS Butner—just for old times sake? Had innumerable weeks aboard from Bombay to San Diego via Melbourne and the South Pole.

WILLIAM E. MASSEY, JR.,
Haddonfield, N. J.

If any reader can tell us where CBIer Massey can obtain this picture, we'd appreciate a note.—Eds.



ELEPHANT loading a plane at Misamari Air Base, Assam, India. Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.

CBIers Meet Again

● How is this for coincidence? Have been selling for Kraft Foods in the Westchester Co. New York area to restaurants and institutions. Went in to solicit a new steak house and cocktail lounge called the Colony on Central Avenue in Yonkers. Found the owner to be Joe Rosetti, who was on my crew at Misamari. We hadn't seen each other since the old days back there.

"WAHOO" WAHRHAFTIG,
New York City, N. Y.

Appointment for Nixon

● Lt. Col. Robert L. Nixon, 44, of Long Beach, Calif., was recently named deputy assistant chief of staff for the Military Air Transport Service at its headquarters at Scott Air Force Base. A veteran of 20 years service, a command pilot, Col. Nixon has been connected with MATS for 14 years and for the past three years has been chief of the program development branch of Plans, a major staff agency at MATS headquarters. He served in the China-Burma-India theater of war during World War II.

RAY JUENGER,
Belleville, Ill.

Commander's

Message

by

George Marquardt

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Sahibs and Memsahibs:

By the time this message reaches you, the Spring Executive Board meeting in Buffalo will be over and final arrangements for the National Reunion there will be well under way. The program already submitted sounds interesting, and with all the "first timers" who have promised to come, plus the regulars, it should prove to be the best attended reunion yet. I have really been talking up the National reunions in all the places I've visited, and hope I have been successful in arousing interest, but only time will tell.

On March 24th we attended the dinner, dance and party given by the Air Force Association at O'Hare Airport Military Base. This was a regular meeting of the Chicago Basha and I was very pleased at the turnout of the CBI members and their friends. I haven't heard whether or not we were successful in getting any new members for the CBI, but I'm sure that all who attended felt it was an evening well spent.

On March 31st we made a trip to Philadelphia, where we were house guests of Irma and Al Frankel, and enjoyed a cocktail party at the Sheraton Hotel, given by the Delaware Valley Basha. There were about seventy-five in attendance in spite of the weather, including a group from the basha in Washington, D. C., who outside of our National Historian, Billy Todd Lambert, I hadn't yet had the pleasure of meeting. Showing the true CBI spirit of enjoying the hospitality of other CBIers was

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.
—Eds.

Ray Juenger from St. Louis, who drove for nineteen straight hours through a blizzard just to attend this party.

I am glad to report that there has finally been some response to the Youth Group, not as much as we had expected, but enough, I hope, for a working basis for the Executive Board to include plans for the group into the final arrangements for the National Reunion in Buffalo. This does not mean, however, that we have all the information we need to get this group rolling. There still are records to be made and filed for future reunions, so those of you who have not sent in the required information, please do so as soon as possible.

I was very sorry to hear that one of our Past Commanders, Bill Ziegler, was in an accident several weeks ago, resulting in a broken collar bone and two broken ribs. He isn't sure at this time whether or not he will be able to attend the National Reunion in Buffalo, since additional surgery may be necessary about that time. I know that I speak for all CBIers when I say "Best of luck to you, Bill. Hope you can make it to Buffalo." If any of you wallahs have an extra moment, I am sure he would appreciate an encouraging note from you. His address is: Wm. R. Ziegler, c/o Houma Oil Co. Inc., P. O. Box 229, Houma, Louisiana.

We are anxiously looking forward to the Iowa State meeting in Amana on April 28th. We are planning to show the film of the Stilwell Road, which incidentally, is still available if any of the bashas would like to have it for one of their meetings. All that is needed is two or three weeks notice to allow plenty of time for shipment. This film will not be available after my term of office expires in August.

Two more important dates are May 5th, Executive Board Meeting in Buffalo, and of course, the Wisconsin State Meeting at Jefferson on May 19th.

I have no idea how many of you CBIers have found pictures to be forwarded to Mr. Joe E. Brown, but I hope that spring housecleaning has turned up many copies so that we can do our part to make up a good collection to replace the ones he lost in the fire. To those of you who have sent in pictures, my sincere thanks. To the others, who haven't quite "gotten around to it," please try to get these pictures in as soon as possible.

Remember the slogan, "Shuffle off to Buffalo in '62"

Salaams,

GEORGE L. MARQUARDT
National Commander
CBIVA

(Note—Mail to National Commander Marquardt should be addressed to 123 South 7th Street, Chesterton, Ind.)



CONTROL TOWER and base headquarters at Misamari Air Base, Assam, India. Photo by Col. James P. Dearbeyne.

20th General Hospital

● Enjoy reading Ex-CBI Roundup. I was with the 20th General Hospital in India, leaving California in January 1943 and returning home in May 1945.

MILO SHEAFFER,
Lakeville, Ohio

Memories Stirred Up

● Recently joined the local basha of CBI veterans, and in talking to my local Sahibs, many long forgotten memories were stirred up and much interest in our group was created in my mind. I was a member of the Second Troop Carrier Sq., of the 322 Group. We were stationed in all parts of India, Burma and China. Since the national convention will be in Buffalo this coming August, there may be some vets from my old unit attending, and if so, I would greatly like to hear from them, as well as any of the others who may remember me. Please drop me a line. I know the Buffalo Sahibs and their wives are going all out to make the national convention the best one yet. Everybody attending here is bound to have the time of their lives. The recent dinner party we held

in honor of National Commander George Marquardt was both interesting and enjoyable. He is a terrific fellow, and we all had a fine evening of fellowship and enlightenment. The Second Troop Carrier spent quite a bit of time at Shingbuiyang, Burma, along the Ledo Road, and we were among the first units into Shanghai as Japan surrendered.

JOSELYN J. BERG,
2363 Broadway,
Buffalo 12, N. Y.

Original Roundup

● Have just mailed to you some copies of the original CBI Roundup which I brought home from Assam after the war and which have been reposing in my desk drawer these many years. In cleaning out my desk the other day, I felt that they would be of more use to you and Ex-CBI Roundup than to me. I hope you will find them of some value. I am one of the very first subscribers to Ex-CBI Roundup, since I knew Clarence Gordon back at Will Rogers Field in Oklahoma City in 1942, and we subsequently went to India together with the 44th Service Group. I must say that I have enjoyed the magazine tremendously since its very beginning, and I think that you have done a great job in keeping it going since you took over from Gordon as editor. My sincere wishes go to you for the continued success of the magazine.

STUART SCOTT, Jr.,
New York City, N. Y.

We'll make good use of the Roundup copies sent by CBIer Scott, who is a former major and was C.O. of the 498th Service Squadron, 44th Service Group, at Dinjan, Assam, India.—Eds.



AMERICAN troops cross Shweli on bamboo ponton bridge. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M.D.

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